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The third dialogue is called, from the name of the person introduced into it, "The Unknown," a character mysterious and eccentric, but not, as might be inferred from the nature of the former dialogues, supernatural. "His dress was very peculiar, almost that of an ecclesiastic, but coarse and light; and there was a large, soiled, white hat on the ground beside him, on which was fastened a pilgrim's cockle-shell, and there was suspended round his neck a long enamelled phial, like those found in the Greek tombs, and it was attached to a rosary of coarse beads."

The account given by this singular character of the cause that induced him to carry about him these affectedly eccentric ornaments, and the use they were to him, are extremely natural, and we dare say quite true:

"I was passing through France in the reign of Napoleon, by the peculiar privilege granted to a scāvan, on my road into Italy. I had just returned from the Holy Land, and had in my possession two or three of the rosaries which are sold to pilgrims at Jerusalem as having been suspended in the holy sepulchre. Pius VII. was then in imprisonment at Fontainebleau. By a special favour, on the plea of my return from the Holy Land, I obtained permission to see this venerable and illustrious pontiff. I carried with me one of my rosaries. He received me with great kindness; I tendered my services to execute any commissions, not political ones, he might think fit to entrust me with in Italy, informing him that I was an Englishman; he expressed his thanks, but declined troubling me. I told him I was just returned from the Holy Land, and bowing with great humility, offered to him my rosary from the holy sepulchre; he received it with a smile, touched it with his lips, gave his benediction over it, and returned it into my hands, supposing of course that I was a Roman Catholic. I had meant to present it to his Holiness; but the blessing he had bestowed upon it, and the touch of his lips, made it a precious relic to me, and I restored it to my neck, round which it has ever since been suspended. He asked me some unimportant questions respecting the state of the Christians at Jerusalem; and on a sudden, turned the subject, much to my surprise, to the destruction of the French in Russia, and in an exceedingly low tone of voice, as if afraid of being overheard, he said, 'The *refus* has long been triumphant over the *fas*, but I do not doubt that the balance of things is even now restoring, that God will vindicate his church, clear his polluted altars, and establish society upon its permanent basis of justice and faith; we shall meet again—adieu!' and he gave me his paternal blessing. It was eighteen months after this interview, that I went out with almost the whole population of Rome, to receive and welcome the triumphal entry of this illustrious father of the church into his capital. He was borne on the shoulders of the most distinguished artists, headed by Canova; and never shall I forget the enthusiasm with which he was received, it is impossible to describe the shouts of triumph and of rapture sent up to heaven by every voice. And when he gave his benediction to the people, there was an universal prostration, a sobbing and marks of emotions of joy almost like the bursting of the heart; I heard, every where around me, cries of 'the holy Father, the most holy Father, his restoration is the work of God;' I saw

tears streaming from the eyes of almost all the women about me, many of them were sobbing hysterically, and old men were weeping as if they had been children. I pressed my rosary to my breast on this occasion, and repeatedly touched with my lips, that part of it which had received the kiss of the most venerable pontiff. I preserve it with a kind of hallowed feeling as the memorial of a man, whose sanctity, firmness, meekness and benevolence are an honour to his church and to human nature; and it has not only been useful to me, by its influence upon my own mind, but it has enabled me to give pleasure to others, and has, I believe, been sometimes beneficial in insuring my personal safety. I have often gratified the peasants of Apulia and Calabria by presenting them to kiss a rosary from the holy sepulchre which had been hallowed by the touch of the lips and benediction of the pope; and, it has been even respected by and procured me a safe passage through a party of brigands who once stopped me in the passes of the Appennines."

The third dialogue contains a discussion on the primary formation of the globe, as deducible from geological observations, which, interesting as it is when treated of by a writer who has paid so much attention to such inquiries, is rendered more so by the comparison drawn between it and the Mosaic account of the creation, and by the observations on the means of harmonizing the apparent inconsistencies of the two systems.

In the fourth dialogue, which is styled Proteus, or Immortality, from the name of a very singular and scarce animal, endowed with equal powers of existence in water and land, but which has only been found in subterraneous abodes, we are led into further disquisitions relative to our own existence, deduced from the analogies of the natural objects around us.

The fifth, the "Chemical Philosopher," is a defence of the philosophy of chemistry. This has, on reflection, afforded us the greatest pleasure of any of these essays, because in it the writer divests himself, in a great degree, of the garb of mysticism in which he is too frequently involved, and assumes the character of advocate of a department of science that may proudly boast of him as its champion.

The sixth and concluding dialogue, which assumes the unmeaning name of "Pola," from a town of that name in Istria, where the scene of conversation is laid, is inferior to all the rest: it is a discussion on the nature of time. It concludes with a sentiment that brings the mind forcibly back to what we have described in the commencement of these observations, as being the supposed state of mind in the writer when expressing it.

"Your history," says one of the speakers in the dialogue, "of the laws of the inevitable destruction of material forms, recalls to my memory, our discussion at Adelsberg. The changes of the material universe are in harmony with those which belong to the human body, and which you suppose to be the frame or machinery of the sentient principle. May we not venture to imagine, that the visible and tangible world, with which we are acquainted by our sensations, bears the same relation to the divine and infinite Intelligence, that our organs bear to our mind;—with this only difference, that in the changes of the divine system, there is no decay, there being in the order of things a perfect unity, and all the powers springing from one will, and being a conse-

quence of that will, are perfectly and unalterably balanced. Newton seemed to apprehend, that in the laws of the planetary motions, there was a principle which would ultimately be the cause of the destruction of the system. Laplace by pursuing and refining the principles of our great philosopher, has proved, that what appeared sources of disorder, are in fact the perfecting machinery of the system, and that the principle of conservation is as eternal as that of motion."—And again, in the sentence which stands in its proper place, as the conclusion of this very extraordinary series of essays—"Time is almost a human word and change entirely a human idea; in the system of nature we should rather say progress than change. The sun appears to sink in the ocean in darkness, but it rises in another hemisphere; the ruins of a city fall, but they are often used to form more magnificent structures as at Rome; but, even when they are destroyed, so as to produce only dust, nature asserts her empire over them, and the vegetable world rises in constant youth, and, in a period of annual successions, by the labours of man providing food, vitality and beauty upon the wrecks of monuments which were once raised for purposes of glory, but which are now applied to objects of utility."

We have sketched from this little volume, what we conceive will give our readers some insight into its character; but it must be read to be truly enjoyed, and the perusal will, we conceive, amply repay the trouble, for though it contains matter from some of which sober reason must dissent as extravagant, and almost bordering on the absurd, yet even the aberrations are those of a highly gifted, a philanthropic and a deeply reflecting mind. The opinions and observations on dreams are particularly pleasing.

Twelve Dramatic Sketches, founded on the Pastoral Poetry of Scotland. By W. M. Hetherington, A. M. 12mo. pp. 275.—Edinburgh: Constable and Co.; and Hurst and Chance, London.

This little book has been some time published, yet it is very little, if at all known, though it deserves to be well-known. The volume is full of poetry, and rural repose, and sober piety; it is intended to illustrate the character of the Scottish peasantry, and it does so most successfully, whilst it naturally places that character in the most amiable and favourable light, though not an overstrained or fanciful one. We quite agree with the author, that those critics are very far beside the mark who assert that country life is of necessity excluded from all the deeper workings of passionate joy, sorrow, fear, hope, and love. The mild magnificence and beautiful repose of nature, seem to us admirably fitted to produce and cherish a poetical temperament, and if we allow the natural objects with which the dwellers among the green pastures and the lofty mountains are perpetually conversant, to be sublime and beautiful, our next step must be to confess, that their comparisons, metaphors and allegories should be so likewise; for, as Sir William Jones reminds us, in his *Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations*, "an allegory is a string of metaphors, a metaphor is a short simile, and the finest similes are drawn from natural objects." Above all, there is in the still yet cheerful solitudes of the country, more of peace, of fearful innocence and pure religion,

and therefore, more of the elements of true poetry, as well as of true happiness, than can be found elsewhere. Let us see how this theory is reduced to practice by Mr. Hetherington. The first of the Dramatic Sketches is entitled Bessy Bell and Mary Gray. These two young ladies were both very handsome, and were most attached friends; while the former was on a visit to the latter, the plague broke out in the year 1666, in order to avoid which they built themselves a bower about three quarters of a mile west from Lynedoch, in a very retired and romantic place, called Burnbraes, on the side of Brauchie-burn. Here they lived for some time; but the plague raging with great fury, they caught the infection, it is said, from a young gentleman who was in love with them both, and here they died. Their burial place is about half a mile from the present house of Lynedoch, whence the Old Song:—

"Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were two bonnie lasses;
They bigget a bower on yu burn brae,
And theeket it owre wi' rashes."

In a scene in a sweetly-wooded glen, on the banka of Brauchie-Burn, near their bower, Drummond, the lover, is introduced, conversing with the two young ladies on a still summer evening; he professes himself a lover of the romantic, and he is asked what he means by this romance of which he is so ardent an admirer; what follows is a part of his reply:—

"Suppose a youth
Of strong soul, uncorrupted mind, high heart,
And feelings, like the universal air,
Embracing all things! See him when the Morn,
Blushing in her own conscious beauty, comes,
Like a fair bride, to meet her lord, proud Noon;
A holy rapture rises in his breast,
And glows along each nerve, till his whole frame
Feels like a flower expanding in the sun!
This is romantic!—be it so!—If, then,
He scarce can bear to brush the diamond dew
From the green grass, and picks his wary steps
Lest he should crush the wild-flower, could he bear,
In deed, or word, or thought, to do foul wrong
To man, his mortal brother? When the sun
Rides high in the mid-heaven, in some deep glen,
Where rocks project, and mossy caverns yawn,
Through tangling brushwood all alone he strays,
Listening the howlings of the rippling brook,
Mix'd with the intermittent song of birds
Hid in their shady covert; o'er his mind
Light falls the veily calm of purest peace,—
(Peace with his own soul and with all the world,)—
And love, even to its least existencies;
Sweet singing birds, trees with their bloomy
boughs,

And that fair populace, by Nature's hand
In lavish charms array'd, the flowery tribe;
Till his heart heaves involuntary sighs
Of gratitude to that benignant Power
That placed him in a world so beautiful.
This, too, is all romantic!—be it so!
Can he whose bosom pants with the excess
Of all-refining sensibilities,
Can he stoop from the lofty eminence
Of friendship with the universal Mother,
Cramp all his finer feelings, and imprison
His soul in that dark dungeon Self, for all
The little paltry gains that wordlings toil for?—
Or see him when the humid hand of Even
Casts wide her shadowy mantle o'er the plain,
Drawing its folds gradually up the hills,
As day's departing lustre fades away,
And dew, soft as an infant's evening prayer
When by her tender mother's side she kneels,
Fill all the air with sense of gentler life,
Even till a sympathetic moisture floats
Over the silent wanderer's pensive eye!
And as the night comes on, and star by star
Enkindles its eternal lamp on high,
Beseeching the heavenward traveller to the home
Of everlasting peace, and bliss, and love:
Oh! how the world, and all its mean pursuits,
Its empty pleasures, and debasing passions,
Sink into utter insignificance,
Till the enlarged soul spurns earthly ties,
And with seraphic ardour re-asserts
Its heavenly birth, and glorious destiny!
Even this is term'd romantic!—poor despite
That grovelling minds display, scoffing in vain
At pure and rapturous delights, far, far
Beyond their feeble comprehension! Go,
Ye poor despisers of mysterious nature,
And hide your littleness! Go, drudge and moil

For veriest trash! Go, herd among the crowd
Of Mammon's slaves! Let not your steps be found
Insulting the majestic solitudes,
Where uncontaminated minds yet hold
Lofty and solemn converse—through the love,
The beauty, and the grandeur which pervade
And o'er-inform the universe—with Him
The omnipotent, all-merciful Creator!"

Again, when Bessy Bell feels that the pestilence that walketh in darkness hath struck her with its baneful influence, and discloses her apprehensions to her friend, the following dialogue ensues:—

M. Gray. Nay, say not so!
Come with me now, and walk a little space—
The fresh air will revive you.

B. Bell. Never, Mary!
The fresh, free air, the flowers upon the fields,
The song of birds, the music of clear brooks,
The mighty voice of winds, the boundless cope
Of the blue sky, the glorious light of day,
No more can kindle up the ecstatic fires
Of fervency, and hope, and love in me,
As they were wont, till the strong rapture cast
The sense of sickness from my languid frame—
The hand of death is on me.

M. Gray. Droop not yet!
One effort more, and you may yet throw off
This fit of faintness.

B. Bell. Mary, lay me down,
And place my head that I may see the light,
And feast my dying eyes, while they wax dim,
With a few glimpses more of lovely Nature.
Now I am easier! thank you, my sweet friend;
And leave me for a little!—there are thoughts
And communings between the soul and Him
Who gave it and re-creates, that have their course
Freest in utter solitude. Meanwhile
The open air will do you good.

(While Mary retires to another part of the cottage,
out of her sight, she remains for a while in silent
prayer, then slowly opens her eyes, and endeavours
to look around.)

How weak,
How very weak I am! Sure death is near.
Oh! little do they know of death, who crowd
Thousands of gloomy, dreadful images,
All ghastly and abhorrent, into one
Dark form, and call the fearful phantom Death!
It is a messenger from Heaven, and bound
Upon an errand of eternal peace.
Even now, methinks I faintly hear its call,
Like the uncertain sound of distant music.
I come, I come! Farewell, sweet Mary Gray.

M. Gray. Not yet! not yet! Oh! stay a little
while,
And take me with you!

B. Bell. What! return'd again?
My kind attentive nurse! Methinks 'tis dark:—
Tell me, is the sky curtain'd with deep clouds?

M. Gray. There's not a cloud in all the sunny
dome,

And not a breath to stir the quivering leaf
Of the light aspen; all creation sleeps
In smiling, blissful, sabbath-like repose.

B. Bell. 'Tis strange! I've often thought that I
could wish
To die on such a day as you describe;
And now Heaven grants my prayer: Come nearer,
And let me look once more on that dear face
Ere mine eyes close for ever: let me feel
Thy hand.—Alas! it trembles and it burns!
And thou hast sacrificed thy life for me!
And who will tend thy death-bed? Oh, this is
Indeed the bitterness of death!

M. Gray. Oh! calm
Thy mind. Let no regretful thoughts of me
Shake thy life's ebbing sands. All will be well.
I'm not ill yet; and if I should be so,
'Tis from the infection in the general air,
And not from tending you that I have caught it.
Why do you shrink and shudder so?

B. Bell. I see
You sick and comfortless:—no tender hand
To smooth your pillow, to support your head,
To moisten your parch'd lips! Oh! how my soul
Shudders with grief and horror at the scene!

M. Gray. Where is your trust in Providence?
Can you—

You, whose calm hopes have ever been reposed
Inmovably on Him who can support,—
Can you permit dependence to seize
Your soul in such a moment? Think on Him,
And on his gracious word!

B. Bell. Thank you, dear friend!
Dearest, if possible, than ever now.
My hopes are all restored; and I can leave
Both your fate and my own to Him who knows
Our wants, and will supply them."

We shall only add part of the first scene of
the Snow Storm, the last of the sketches in
the volume:—

The Moor. (Advanced Winter.)

WILLIE and CHARLIE.

Will. Charlie! Where are ye, Charlie? Rest a
bit!

I cannot move another step!
Charlie. Cheer up!
We'll soon be through the deepest wreath, and then
The worst is past.

Will. Where are we? Not a foot
Of the wild waste is like itself; the hills
Are scop'd and rounded into thousand shapes
They never were before; the very streams
Are buried fifty fathoms deep; the glens
Smooth'd up by the white ruin. Lost, oh lost!

Charlie. Come, come, you must not thus despond;
The wind may soon abate.

Will. It may; but long ere then
We shall have ceased to feel it.

Charlie. (Aside.) (How his face
Is changed! His strength and self-command are
gone.)

Unless I can awake his heart, I fear
All's over with him! This will never do!
To yield ere we have well begun! Will this
Find and secure our flocks?

Will. Our flocks! Ay—yes—
Flocks, said ye?—the gudeman—they're buried deep,
Four things!

Charlie. Poor things, indeed! Where are they now?
(No, no, this will not do! He minds me not!
I'll touch another chord.) How did you leave
Your poor sick child this morning? And your wife,
Is she well?

Will. Child!—Ay, that's my Fanny! O!
The patient little sufferer! Yes, she will—
She will recover! Death will never crop
My little moorland flow'et in its bud!
Lucy's strong prayers will mount before the throne,
And bring down health and bliss! Shall we go on
And seek our flocks?

Do you feel strong again?

Will. Rest! No, let us move on! Alas! I feel
Weak, very weak! Here must I stay and die!

Charlie. But did your little Fanny seem indeed
Better this morning?

Will. Fanny! My dear child!
Yes, she is better! While my Lucy sought
My plaid, I knelt beside her bed, and gazed
On the sweet infant's face. Her brow was calm,—
Pale, but quite calm; her eyes were closed; but life
Shone fresh through their transparent coverings;
Her cheek was peaceful, and her gentle breath
Raised her fair bosom mildly, healthfully.
No pain disturbing her soft sleep.—I touch'd
With lightest kiss her silent lip, and thank'd
The gracious Being, who alone can give
Respite to suffering mortals! Shall we yet
Meet, and together praise him? O! no, no!
My limbs are powerless, and my heart is sick!
Charlie, what can we do?

Charlie. Trust in that voice
That stills the tempest!—in that mighty hand
That snatch'd his doubting follower from the wave!
And strong in him go forth, surmounting all
Our present dangers!

Will. Yes, in Him I trust
For future bliss, but not for longer life.
For I bethink me now, that yesterday,
About this very hour,—my soul had been
Sad for my Fanny's illness,—while I sat
And eyed the fair horizon's verge, where glared
The weather-glean, and loom'd the coming storm,
Sudden a trance of rapture fill'd my breast—
A passion of ethereal bliss!—My soul
Seem'd born into a new existence!—All
Was one wild whirl of speechless ecstasy.
'Twas a foretaste of death! And see! see! see!
Look there! my Fanny! O! thou angel-form,
Take, take me with thee! Lay thy holy hand
Upon my brow, and shade these burning glories!—
I come, I come!

(Staggering forward, and falls dying.)

In conclusion, we can honestly recommend
the perusal of this volume to the admirers of
pure and simple pastoral poetry.

Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, in the Penin-
sula, France, and the Netherlands; from 1809
to 1815. By Captain J. Kincaid.—London,
J. and W. Boone.

THIS is a book which sets literary criticism
altogether at defiance, both virtually and in
terms. The author powders along in a helter-
skelter, scatter-brained way, with his rifle in
one hand, and a pen in the other, with which
latter he jots down his observations just in the
order and phraseology he might be supposed to
utter them, vivâ voce, to a brother officer as
wild as himself. The result is, a personal nar-